

CAPTAIN GALLANT



No 3

ALL NEW STORIES



APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

Captain GALLANT

10¢

of the Foreign Legion

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

starring
BUSTER CRABBE
and his son
CUFFY





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



CAPTAIN GALLANT

Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Copyright 1956 by Charlton Comics Group, All Fago Executive Editor.

Volume 1, Number 3

May, 1956

(Printed in U.S.A.)

Captain GALLANT of the Foreign Legion

IT IS OFTEN SAID THAT THE BEE WILL OFTEN LEAVE ITS HONEYED COMB FOR MORE HONEY... ONLY TO FIND THAT LUCK HAS TRICKED HER... CAPTAIN GALLANT FACED THE MOST DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT OF HIS CAREER WHEN HE FOUND

The **TREASURE** OF **TEHRAN BEY**



SOMEWHERE IN THE DUNES OF TANGIERS

DO NOT TOUCH ANOTHER PARTICLE OF SAND, INFIDEL! IF YOU WISH TO REMAIN ALIVE!

MABUD SELIM! SO? I THOUGHT WE MADE A DEAL!



ONLY TO EXCAVATE RUINS MY FRIEND -- NOT TO FIND THE TREASURE OF TEHRAN BEY !!

AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW--?



CAPTAIN GALLANT

AND NOW THAT I KNOW, I INTEND TO KEEP WHAT IS MINE!

MABUD! - YOU CAN'T USE THAT GOLD. THE AUTHORITIES WOULD ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS! YOU NEED ME AND MY MEN TO SMUGGLE IT OUT FOR YOU!!



YES... I THOUGHT OF THIS POSSIBILITY ALSO. WE WILL MAKE AN ALLIANCE... SAFE PASSAGE AND ABSOLUTE SECRECY FOR YOU TO CONTINUE YOUR OPERATIONS HERE IN TANGIERS -- IN RETURN FOR HALF THE TREASURE!!

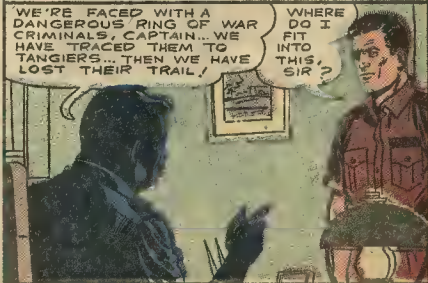
AGREED!



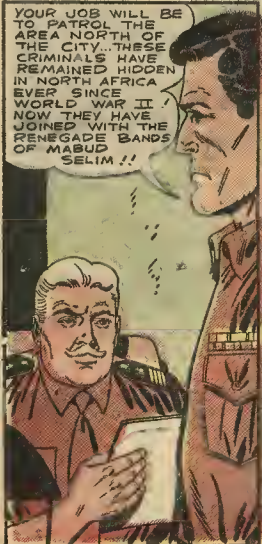
MEANWHILE AT FOREIGN LEGION HEAD-QUARTERS...

'WE'RE FACED WITH A DANGEROUS RING OF WAR CRIMINALS, CAPTAIN... WE HAVE TRACED THEM TO TANGIERS... THEN WE HAVE LOST THEIR TRAIL.'

WHERE DO I FIT INTO THIS, SIR?



YOUR JOB WILL BE TO PATROL THE AREA NORTH OF THE CITY... THESE CRIMINALS HAVE REMAINED HIDDEN IN NORTH AFRICA EVER SINCE WORLD WAR II. NOW THEY HAVE JOINED WITH THE RENEGADE BANDS OF MABUD SELIM!!



MABUD SELIM-- THE WORST, DESERT LEADER IN YEARS. WHAT'S THE CONNECTION, SIR?

LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN! THIS IS THE GREAT SAND DUNE OF TEHRAN BEY!



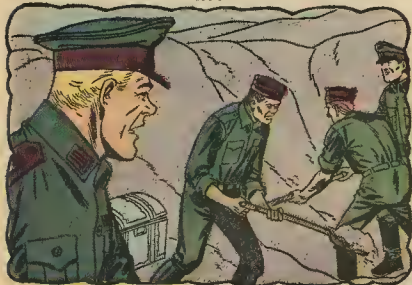
LATE IN THE WAR WHEN THE ALLIES WERE EMERGING VICTORIOUS, A GROUP OF HIGH RANKING WAR CRIMINALS ESCAPED TO NORTH AFRICA WITH AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF WEALTH...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



ARMED WITH THE ADVANCED KNOWLEDGE OF THE TERRAIN, THEY DUG A MIGHTY SECRET- CACHE IN THE REGION OF THE SAND DUNES OF TEHRAN BEY, AN ANCIENT BURIAL- PLACE OF A ONCE- GREAT DESERT SHEIK...

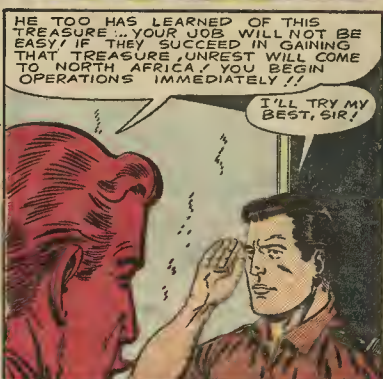


THEN WHEN THEIR TASK WAS DONE, THEY REVERTED TO THEIR TRUE PIRATICAL NATURES AND WITNESSES WERE SILENCED. AFTER WHICH THEY ALL SWORE SECRECY, AGREEING TO MEET AGAIN AT THE SAME PLACE WHEN THE TIME WOULD BE RIPE FOR FREEDOM AGAIN.



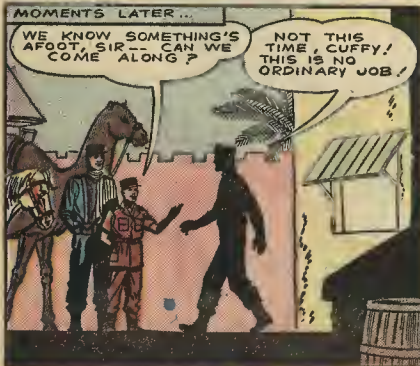
ONE OF OUR UNDERCOVER AGENTS POSING AS A NATIVE WAS WITNESS TO THIS MEETING YEARS AGO...NOW WE HAVE WORD THAT THESE CRIMINALS ARE ABOUT TO COME OUT OF THEIR HOLE'S!

-- AND MABUD SELIM ?



HE TOO HAS LEARNED OF THIS TREASURE...YOUR JOB WILL NOT BE EASY! IF THEY SUCCEED IN GAINING THAT TREASURE, UNREST WILL COME TO NORTH AFRICA! YOU BEGIN OPERATIONS IMMEDIATELY !!

I'LL TRY MY BEST, SIR!



MOMENTS LATER...

WE KNOW SOMETHING'S AFOOT, SIR-- CAN WE COME ALONG ?

NOT THIS TIME, CUFFY! THIS IS NO ORDINARY JOB!



GUESS YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK AGAIN, SON-- CAPTAIN GALLANT MEANS BUSINESS!

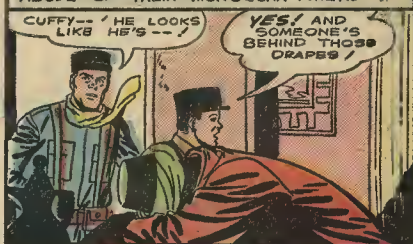
MAYBE I CAN HELP HIM ANY- WAY... AND YOU'RE COMING ALONG WITH ME, FUZZY!

CAPTAIN GALLANT

LOSING NO TIME, CUFFY AND FUZZY RIDE SWIFTLY INTO THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY NEAR THE FORT ..



BUT NO SOONER DO THEY ENTER THE ABODE OF THEIR MOROCCAN FRIEND ..



TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN!



WAIT! ... OUR MASTER WANTS TO DEAL WITH THEM!

AY! OUR TRAP HAS BEEN NEATLY SPRUNG! HA, HA !!



MEANWHILE, NEAR THE DUNES OF TEHRAN BEY...

LIEUTENANT-- TAKE A PLATOON OF MEN AND SEE IF THERE'S BEEN A RECENT EXCAVATION !!



MOMENTS LATER

RIGHT HERE, SIR-- THE SAND IS DIRTIED... AND HERE'S A VERY LARGE HOLE!

HELLO! A SASH BAND FROM A KURJIK HILL SETTLER!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

EVENING FINDS MABUD SELIM AND HIS GUESTS IN HIGH SPIRITS AT HIS HILL STRONGHOLD

EAT AND DRINK MY FRIENDS... THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF TIME TO DISCUSS OUR PLANS!

I'D RATHER TALK ABOUT THEM NOW!



AS YOU WISH! I HAVE CON-TRACTED A MOORISH SEA CAPTAIN-- TOMORROW-- YOU WILL BE ON BOARD HIS VESSEL WITH YOUR SHARE OF THE GOLD AND SOON IN SPAIN!

-- WHERE WE WILL MAKE CONTACTS WITH AGENTS OF FOREIGN POWERS WHO ARE ANXIOUS FOR OUR SERVICES-- THEN WE WILL SEND WORD TO YOU WHEN TO STRIKE!



I WILL UNITE ALL RENEGADE TRIBES OF ARABISTAN AND CRUSH THE FOREIGN LEGION UNDER MY BOOT! THEN I-- MABUD SELIM-- SHALL RULE!



SUDDENLY--FROM THE FLOWING DRAPES OF SELIM'S TENT, COMES--

TWO SPIES, EXALTED ONE / WE LAY IN WAIT FOR THEM IN THE HOUSE OF THE INFORMER!

AH! SEE HOW MY MIGHT EXTENDS EVEN TO THE VERY WALLS OF THE LEGION, BORGMANN?



IT IS NOT WISE TO KEEP THESE TWO ALIVE!

NO! THEY WILL BE HOSTAGES TO INSURE OUR SUCCESS... ONCE THE LEGION LEARNS OF THEIR MASCOT'S FATE IF THEY DARE DEFY ME, THEY WILL YIELD!



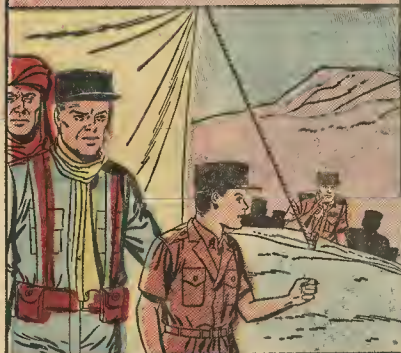
THE LEGION SPARES NO MAN, MABUD SELIM! OUR PRESENCE HERE WON'T STOP THEM!

AND THEY'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THEN AS THEY ARE BEING LED AWAY....



ARE YOU TWO ALL RIGHT?

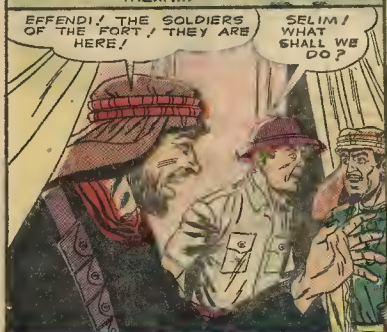
SURE! BUT MABUD SELIM'S **NOT** GOING TO BE WHEN HE SEES WHO'S OUTSIDE!



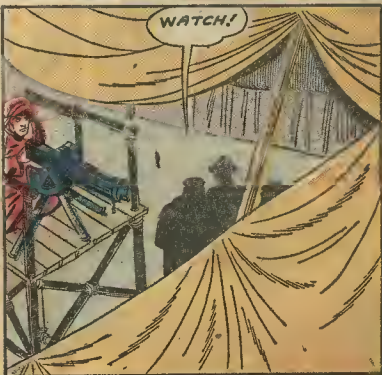
BUT UNKNOWN TO THE LEGIONNAIRES, ONE OF SELIM'S GUARDS HAS SPOTTED THEM....

EFFENDI! THE SOLDIERS OF THE FORT, THEY ARE HERE!

SELIM! WHAT SHALL WE DO?



WATCH!



BUT FUZZY HAS SEEN THEM IN THE NICK OF TIME AND ----

URGHHH!

I ALWAYS LIKE TO HAVE ME SOME EXERCISE!

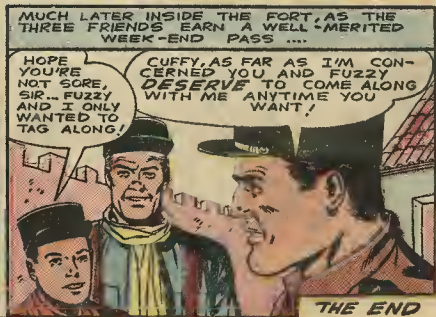
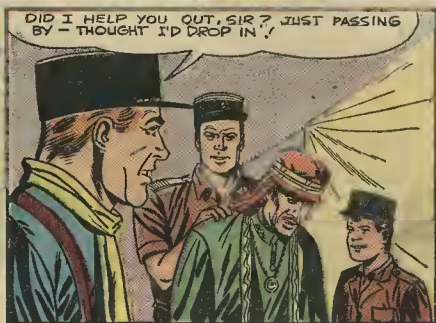
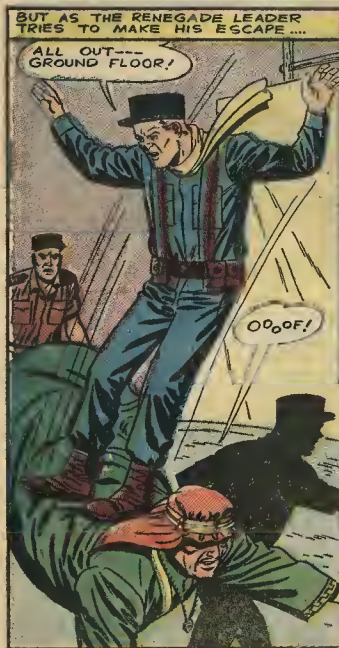


WHILE CAPT. GALLANT SPEARHEADS HIS ATTACK FROM THE FRONT....

SURROUND THEM, MEN! LET'S TAKE 'EM!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

ON THE NARROW STREETS OF THE NATIVE QUARTER IN TANGIER, TENSION ROSE AND DANGER LURKED IN EVERY DOOR... CAPTAIN GALLANT'S LEGIONNAIRES MET HOSTILITY EVERYWHERE AND EVEN CUFFY, THE LEGION MASCOT, FOUND SNARLS WHERE HE EXPECTED A SMILE IN...

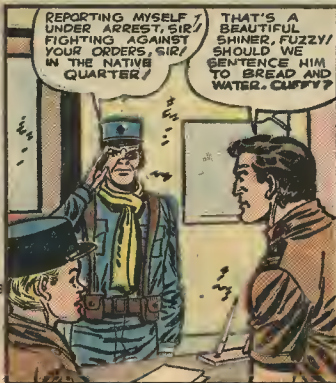
The TANGIER INCIDENT



REPORTING MYSELF UNDER ARREST, SIR! FIGHTING AGAINST YOUR ORDERS, SIR! IN THE NATIVE QUARTER!

THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL SHINER, FUZZY! SHOULD WE SENTENCE HIM TO BREAD AND WATER, CUFFY?

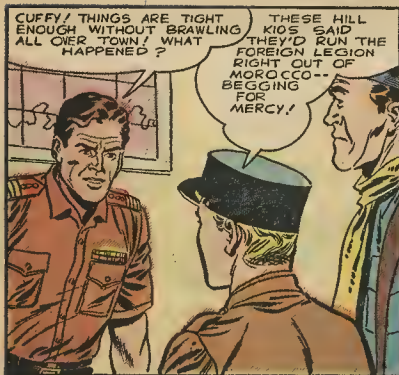
IN THE OPPRESSIVE, BLISTERING HEAT OF SUMMER, TEMPER'S FRAYED AND THE TRIBESMEN LEFT THE ARID HILLS FOR FOOD AND WATER IN TANGIER... CAPTAIN GALLANT'S LEGIONNAIRES HAD TROUBLE KEEPING CONTROL...



NO, SIR! MAYBE HE COULDN'T HELP GETTING IN A FIGHT EITHER! THE HILL TRIBES ARE SPOILING FOR A FIGHT, SIR - EVEN THE KIDS!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS -- CAPTAIN GALLANT FOUND MORE AND MORE EVIDENCE OF THE HILL TRIBES' HATE FOR THE LEGIONAIRES... DARK, COLO-EYED NATIVES AWAITED ANY CHANCE TO JUMP THE SOLDIERS OF THE DESERT....



CAPTAIN GALLANT

CAPTAIN GALLANT KNEW THAT NO LOGIC COULD PREVAIL AGAINST THE FLAMING PANATICISM OF THE TRIBESMAN... HE RELEASED HIM AND RETURNED TO HEADQUARTERS...

BOTH OF YOU MEN SPEAK ARABIC-- GET CLOTHES AND FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THE TRIBESMEN!

OUI, CAPTAIN! IT WILL TAKE TIME, SIR!



THEY WON'T LEARN ANYTHING, CAPTAIN! I'LL BET I COULD IF I SAW WHERE THE HILL KIDS ARE STAYING! WANT ME TO?

THAT'S OUT, CUFFY! YOU'D ONLY GET IN TROUBLE! MAYBE HURT!



I'M A LEGIONNAIRE, SIR! IT'S MY DUTY TO HELP!

I'M TOO BUSY TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU ANYWAY!



THE COMPANY COMMANDER WAITED ALL DAY FOR INFORMATION FROM HIS TWO ARABIC SPEAKING LEGIONNAIRES... THEN HE GOT THE WORD....

THIS IS GENERAL DELARNO-- HOSPITAL, CAPTAIN! ALLRIGHT! TWO OF YOUR MEN GIVE THEM IN NATIVE GARB ARE THE BEST IN SERIOUS CON- OF CARE DITION! ONE ME IN-- AND KEEP NAME LABOUILLE ME IN-- THE OTHER --- FORMED!



LATER THAT DAY....

I HAVEN'T SEEN CUFFY ALL DAY! HAVE YOU SEEN HIM, CORPORAL?

THAT I DID, SIR! HE WAS HEADED FOR THE NATIVE QUARTER, SIR! I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!



BUT CUFFY WAS IN TROUBLE TOO NEAR A RAMBLING OLD HOUSE IN THE QUARTER STANDS A SMALL TREE AND ON THE TREE....

CUFFY'S HAT! CAPTAIN GALLANT WILL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

CAPTAIN GALLANT ORDERED HIS TROOP TO PREPARE FOR IMMEDIATE TROUBLE... MEANWHILE, HE HEADED FOR THE SPOT WHERE CUFFY'S HAT WAS LEFT ON THE DOOR...

CUFFY MUST'VE PUT IT HERE HIMSELF--AND HE HAD A REASON....

DOES LEGION SOLDIER WONDER ABOUT DESTINY OF SMALL ONE?



ARE YOU IN ON THIS? WHERE'S CUFFY? COME ON, SPEAK UP!

ALL WISE FOREIGN SOLDIER KNOWS ALL! LET HIM SOLVE THE PROBLEM!



DON'T GET NOISY, BUSTER! I ASKED YOU-- WHERE'S THE BOY?

YOU ARE IN OUR QUARTER, CAPTAIN-- ARROGANCE IS ILL ADVISED.....



I HAVEN'T TIME FOR BEING POLITE! I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT KID!



THE ARAB DIDN'T MAKE A SOUND... AND A FEW MINUTES LATER CAPTAIN GALLANT HAD UNDERGONE A STARTLING CHANGE...

CUFFY IS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! I'LL FIND HIM IF I HAVE TO TEAR THE TOWN APART BRICK BY BRICK!

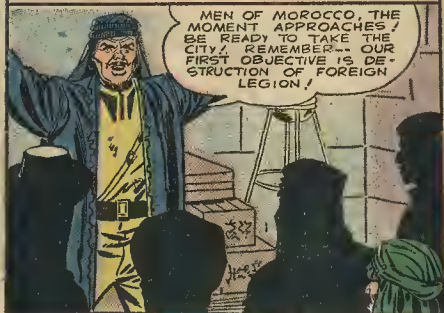


IF ONE OF THESE BUZZARDS LETS OUT A SQUAWK, IT'LL BE HIS LAST! CUFFY IS SOMEWHERE IN HERE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

CAPTAIN GALLANT FOUND A HORDE OF TRIBESMEN IN THE HONEYCOMBED BUILDING! RECRUITED FROM THE HILLS, MOST OF THEM STRANGE TO EACH OTHER



MEN OF MOROCCO, THE MOMENT APPROACHES! BE READY TO TAKE THE CITY! REMEMBER-- OUR FIRST OBJECTIVE IS DESTRUCTION OF FOREIGN LEGION!

EVEN THE LITTLE LEGIONNAIRE PLOTS AGAINST US! HE IS TAKEN! BUT WE MUST TAKE THE REST, TOO!



THEY'VE GOT CUFFY-- HE'S HERE SOMEWHERE!

BEN GALA! THERE IS A FOREIGN SPY AMONG US!



HE IS THE CAPTAIN WHO...

THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET TO CUFFY!



AH, CAPTAIN GALLANT! THIS SIMPLIFIES MATTERS! TAKE HIM TO THE LITTLE ONE'S CELL! THEY CAN COMFORT EACH OTHER!



DESPITE AN HEROIC FIGHT, THE ODDS WERE AGAINST THE CAPTAIN... A FEW MINUTES LATER FOUND SEVERAL ARABS BADLY BATTERED BUT CAPTAIN GALLANT A PRISONER!

CAPTAIN GALLANT! JUST MY PROFESSIONAL AL PRIDE, CUFFY! ARE YOU WE'VE GOT TO GET HURT, SIR? OUT OF HERE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE END

Agent V In "Missing Message."

The large sight seeing bus stopped at the corner. The driver turned around and spoke to the passengers.

"Last stop! All off. Tell your friends to take this bus when they come to the big city. Know all you folks had a good time. If you want to have a bite in a hurry then try the hamburger shop right opposite this bus. Good food and swell coffee."

All but three of the passengers left the bus. The driver then closed the door and drove around the street. He entered a large garage and headed up a ramp which led to the roof. There he parked the bus.

"All clear, Colonel," he said to a thin man. "I'll stand guard outside just in case we get any unexpected visitors."

Colonel Geoffrey Phelps, head of our United Intelligence Division spoke to the second man in the bus.

"You wanted me to get Agent V for you, Sir Johnson. The man sitting behind you is your man. It was necessary to take these precautions to prevent any secret red agents from knowing about your mission. You may disclose all information. As head of the British Counter Espionage Unit you have full power to help Agent V in the task you are assigning to him. We too shall give him our aid."

The man seated behind Sir Johnson was dressed in a loud sport coat. He might have been a visitor from some university to the Big City. It was hard to tell his age. His skin was white and lineless. He might have been in his early thirties or forties. Offhand you would be ready to comment that he must have led a life of ease. You could not spot the superbly trained athletic body that could spring into action in the fraction of a second.

"Several important documents were stolen from one of our diplomats in Vienna. We know they are in the possession of Paul Kozono, the so-called mystery man of Europe. At present he is in Italy. He will leave in five days on the S. S. Mauritania for England. Those documents will then find their way into the hands of the six leading red spies planted in England. We would like to have Paul Kozono caught. If I may be permitted to use an American expression, caught with the goods."

"Paul Kozono is one of the top red agents

in the world," interrupted Colonel Phelps. "The reds have supplied him with almost unlimited funds. As a front he has purchased factories in different countries. This gives him a valid excuse for doing a lot of travelling. My orders to you are simple and direct. Get him!"

"I will want certain orders carried out," replied Agent V. "The captain of the S.S. Mauritania is to follow them carefully. And you are to see that Paul Kozono learns I am on his trail."

Even the carefully trained head of the British Counter Espionage Unit couldn't help betraying some surprise on his face.

"Isn't that a bit unusual?" he mildly protested. "Tell your man you are on his trail? What is the reason, if I may ask?"

"Human psychology," was the reply. "I want to unnerve him a bit and force him to make some changes in his well planned moves. I want as complete a picture of him as possible, including everything he does. A human being is a creature of habits. Something he does, or perhaps, doesn't do, might help me."

Captain Bertram Cully, of the S.S. Mauritania, only had two guests at his table. To be invited to sit and dine with the captain was considered an honor, and all eyes in the ship's main dining room were centered on the two men seated on either side of the captain. A steward appeared at the table. He gave the captain a message which was quickly read.

"You two gentlemen will kindly excuse me," he apologized. "I must go to the bridge at once."

Paul Kozono was a middle-aged man. He was powerfully built and reminded you of a bull. He spoke to the man who had been introduced to him as James Glover.

"I assume you are a tourist on his first trip abroad."

"Completely wrong," replied Glover. "You know my identity. I am Agent V. For this information the sum of 25,000 lira was paid to one Marco Forino by Hans Schmuller. My task is to get you. That means to show you are a red agent and also to recover the stolen documents which you must have on this ship."

Paul Kozono's left hand was underneath the table. He dug his nails into the palm of his hand to steady himself. This was quite an unexpected turn of events. Either Agent V was as

clever as they said he was, or he was a big fool. Paul Kozono remembered an old proverb, "A fool could be as dangerous as a clever man."

"The sea is rather calm this evening," he replied thus changing the subject and giving him more time to reflect about the situation. "Later an American picture shall be shown and I am certain you will enjoy it. Some comedy about what you call cops and robbers."

Far an hour, Agent V had been leaning on the rail of the ship. The night was dark and no moon could be seen in the sky. A mist was settling over the ship. He was alone at this late hour and suddenly he turned around. He grabbed the hand of a man who had been poised with a knife. There was a brief struggle. Then two other men rushed to the scene and took charge of the would be killer.

"Take him to the captain's quarters," ordered Glover. "I am certain we will get a statement from him."

"I have nothing to say," repeated the man whose name on the ship's registry was given as Frank Nubel.

"When you tried to kill me," explained Glover. "Six cameras loaded with ultra-violet and fog piercing film were trained on you. These pictures have now been developed. You will be turned over to the British authorities when the ship docks. And you may rest assured you will receive a long prison term. Now will you make a statement."

"Just this," snarled the man. "A voice in the night told me to kill you. That's all."

"Take him to the brig," ordered Captain Beltram Cully to one of his officers, "and keep him under constant guard."

When the man had been removed, the captain turned to his famous guest.

"I am a bit curious. If it isn't a top secret, how did you figure out an attack was going to be made on your life?"

"As much as has been known about the activities of Paul Kozono has been given to me. I have studied all known details about his life. Whenever he was annoyed with somebody, that person was killed. So I deliberately annoyed him. Frank Nubel is just one of his paid killers. I could watch from the back because I have a special mirror setup on my wrist watch. I don't care whether or not we finally get a statement from Frank Nubel implicating Poul Kozono. I

think I know how that red agent manages to smuggle papers into England."

The custom officials had opened every bit of luggage belonging to the red agent. Then they ripped apart the luggage itself. Watching all this was Paul Kozono.

"You will have to pay for the damage done," he complained. "I having nothing to conceal. This is an insult to me. I shall demand an official apology. My government will take care of this matter for me."

"I doubt it very much," said the voice of Sir Johnson. "Because even if we were to let you go free, you could never go back to your country. You know what happens to an agent who fails. Meanwhile I have a warrant for your arrest. You will be my guest at my country home for the next three weeks."

At the end of three weeks, Poul Kozono faced Agent V in a small room. Armed guards were at the door.

"All this is illegal," shouted an angry prisoner. "You have no evidence on which to hold me."

In reply, Agent V took out a large envelope and opened it. Before the eyes of the astonished prisoner he spread on a table same highly important documents.

"The information in these stolen documents were in code. You brought them here for the other agents because one of those agents was a code specialist. On every trip you took on the S.S. Mauritia you had the same stateroom reserved. You hid the documents underneath the floor. Before the ship sailed a man brought your baggage aboard. This red agent removed the board and took the documents away with him. We substituted another set of documents. Can you imagine what trouble they will cause? In addition we followed that spy and arrested the other agents. They talked, so you better do the same."

Later, Sir Johnson wanted to know one thing. How did Agent V learn about the plan used to smuggle in papers to England.

"When Paul Kozono used other ships he didn't always take the same stateroom. But on this ship, he always took the same stateroom. Why should a creature of habit change it? That was the clue."

"Now I know why they call you Agent V," commented Sir Johnson. "V for Victory, the Victory of Democracy over Red Tyranny."

THE END

THE SABER OF SGT. SARDU

THE LOVE SARDU HAD FOR HIS SABER WAS AN UNUSUAL THING / BUT NOT TO THE MEN OF THE LEGION / FOR THEY KNEW THAT MEN OFTEN RELY ON THEIR WEAPONS TO PULL THEM THROUGH / ONLY THEY FORGOT THAT THE SABER FOR SARDU MEANT HIS LIFE /



FROM THE VERY FIRST, SARDU WAS A MAN DIFFERENT FROM THE REST / HE WAS A BORN SOLDIER...

NOW WHEN I CALL THE ORDERS, EVERY MAN WILL FOLLOW THEM TO THE LETTER!



MARCHE! 'OIT... GAUCHE... 'OIT... GAUCHE!

THAT ONE WILL MAKE A GOOD LEGIONNAIRE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THIS FACT WAS SOON APPARENT DURING THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED ...

NOW I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME HOW YOU'D FIGHT HAND-TO-HAND SHOULD YOU BE ATTACKED!

OUI, MON SERGEANT!



'EH BIEN, MON AMI! NOW!

FOUR SOUS SARDU WILL NOT LAST!



NOM-DE-NOM! HE FLUNG LEGARE AND SCHMITT OVER HIS BACK LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES!

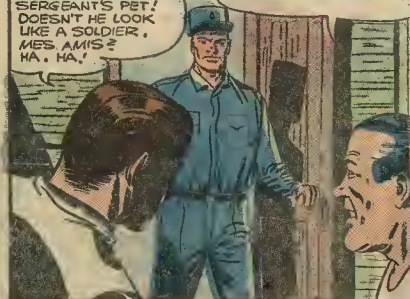
VERY GOOD, SARDU! WITH YOUR HELP WE WILL SHOW THESE PUPPETS HOW TO FIGHT!



NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS DIDN'T MAKE PRIVATE SARDU POPULAR ...

HERE COMES THE SERGEANT'S PET! DOESN'T HE LOOK LIKE A SOLDIER, MES AMIS? HA, HA!

PERHAPS WE CAN PRETTY UP HIS NICE UNIFORM!



I WARN YOU! I WON'T BE ROUGHED UP!

AFTER WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL NEVER BE ROUGHED UP AGAIN! HA, HA!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



AFTER THAT, NO ONE BOTHERED SARDU AGAIN. HE WAS SOON MADE CORPORAL AND BEFORE LONG NO MAN WAS MORE HIGHLY RESPECTED...

HOW SOON DO WE STOP, CORPORAL?

AS SOON AS WE SEE SOME SIGN OF THE ENEMY, BERHARDT--AND NOT BEFORE!



SARDU WAS LIKE THAT--ABRUPT, EFFICIENT, AND DEDICATED TO DUTY! DURING THE DESERT CAMPAIGN, FOR INSTANCE, HE MADE HIS NAME...

HERE THEY COME! HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL I GIVE YOU THE SIGNAL!



CHARGING THEM FROM THE VAST DUNES OF THE MERIUM DESERT, CAME THE SCREAMING, FANATIC HORDES OF THE RIFFIAN KHAN...

NOW! YA-IL-ALLAH! GET THE FOREIGN SOLDIERS!



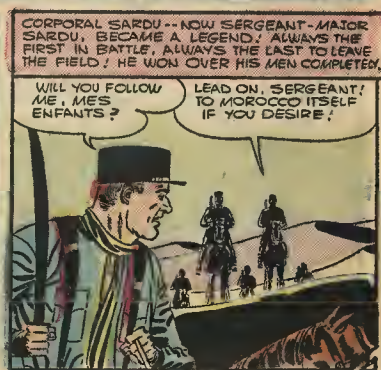
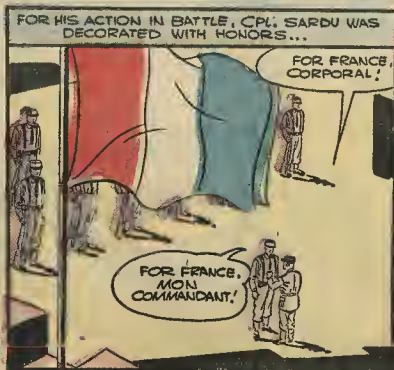
AND IT WAS HERE THAT SARDU MET HIS SABER!

I WILL TEACH YOU NOW! LEGIONNAIRE

IT WILL NOT BE EASY!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

FOR MANY YEARS SERGEANT SARDU ENJOYED A CHARMED LIFE / CAMPAIGN AFTER CAMPAIGN FOUND HIM FOREMOST IN THE BATTLE -- AND INVINCIBLE ...



BUT THE WHEEL OF FATE NOW TURNED THE OTHER WAY ! FOR INSIDE THE GREAT TENT OF THE TAUREG CHIEFTAN KASRIP BEY ...



THERE IS NO DOUBT OF IT, MY LEADER ! WE MUST DISPOSE OF THIS "LE DIABLE" SARDU !

YES, IT IS HIS INSPIRED COURAGE THAT DEFEATS OUR WELL-PLANNED SKIRMISHES !

YET...THERE IS A WAY ! HIS WEAPON...THIS SABER--THE ONE HE ADORES, MUST BE STOLEN ! HE HIMSELF MUST NOT BE KILLED, FOR HE WILL BECOME A MARTYR TO HIS COMRADES AND BE MORE DANGEROUS TO US DEAD THAN ALIVE !



WITH ALLAH'S WILL, IT SHALL BE DONE !



I AWAIT YOUR SUCCESS ! GO NOW !

AND SO IT WAS ONE DARK NIGHT AT THE FORT THAT SARDU'S LUCK TURNED ...



THAT MORNING, WHEN SARDU DISCOVERED HIS LOSS...

IT'S GONE ! MY WONDERFUL SABER IS GONE !

FORGET IT, SERGEANT ! YOU'LL GET ANOTHER ! WE'LL BUY THE STRONGEST, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SABER IN ALL ARABIA !



BUT THE AFFECTION SARDU HAD FOR HIS SABER WAS GREATER THAN ORDINARY ATTACHMENT ! SARDU'S VERY SPIRIT SEEMED CRUSHED...

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ! HE JUST GOES ON DAY AFTER DAY -- BROODING !



CAPTAIN GALLANT

AND AS HIS ENEMIES EXPECTED, SARDU PROVED CAUTIOUS IN BATTLE WHEN ONCE HE HAD BEEN BRILLIANT...

WHY DOES HE HOLD BACK?
IT'S TOO LATE TO
ATTACK NOW--WE
MUST FALL BACK!



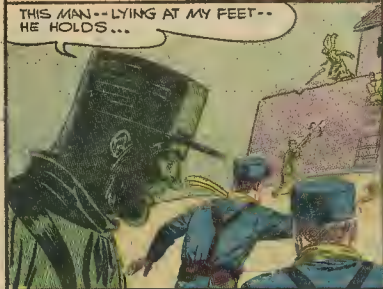
AND IN THE COURSE OF TIME SARDU, SULLEN AND SPIRITLESS-- WAS REMOVED FROM COMMAND AND BROKEN TO COMMON LEGIONNAIRE...

'EH SARDU WHERE ARE
YOU NOW, MON AMI? YOUR
SABER WILL NEVER
RETURN --OF THAT
YOU CAN BE SURE!



THE WHISPERED RUMORS OF SARDU'S GREAT FALL SOON FADED INTO THE MISTS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION. SARDU BECAME THE FORGOTTEN MAN--UNTIL ONE DAY DURING THE SIEGE OF MAHBUL-KARA...

THIS MAN--LYING AT MY FEET--
HE HOLDS...



"MY SABER! I HAVE
FOUND MY SABER
AGAIN!"

BACK! WE
HAVE LOST
THIS
ATTACK!



NO--NOT SO LONG AS THERE IS
A SPARK OF LIFE IN US!
ONWARD, MY BROTHERS...



GREAT WAS THE VICTORY OF
THE FOREIGN LEGION THAT
DAY--AND GREATER WAS
SARDU'S GLORY! BUT
DESTINY HAD CLAIMED
FRANCE'S BRAVEST SON!
HIS COMRADES PAID HOM-
AGE TO HIS MEMORY ON THE
HIGHEST HILL...



AND WHEREVER MEN OF THE
LEGION GATHER TO TALK OF
GREAT HEROES, THE NAME
OF SERGEANT SARDU IS AL-
WAYS REVERED, AND SOME
SAY THAT HE STILL LIVES,
EVER FIGHTING, EVER CHARG-
ING THE ENEMY WITH HIS SHARP
SABER...

ONWARD, MES
ENFANTS --TO
VICTORY!



END

CAPTAIN GALLANT

QUIZ.

THIS IS A QUIZ THAT WILL REALLY TEST YOUR BRAINWORK... LET'S GET TO IT! SCORE YOURSELF... 5 CORRECT- EXCELLENT. 4- VERY GOOD. 3- GOOD. 2 FAIR AND 1 POOR.

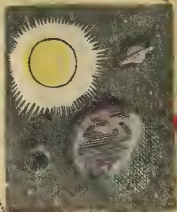
1. MAIL TO THE CHIEF* THE 'TRADITIONAL MARCH' PLAYED FOR PERSONAL APPEARANCES OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. WAS COMPOSED IN CALIFORNIA. ☐ True ☐ False



2. DEAN ACHESON IS THE 49TH SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE U.S. ☐ True ☐ False

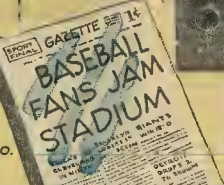


3. EQUICIGALPA IS A TROPICAL PLANT. ☐ True ☐ False



4. THE EARTH IS NEAREST THE SUN ON JULY 4TH. ☐ True ☐ False

5. THE TERM "BASEBALL FAN" WAS ACCIDENTALLY STARTED BY A SPORTS WRITER WHO ABBREVIATED "BASEBALL FANATIC" FOR A HEADLINE BACK IN 1900. ☐ True ☐ False



ANSWERS: 1. FALSE IT WAS COMPOSED IN SCOTLAND. 2. TRUE. 3. TRUE. 4. FALSE IT'S A TROPIC. 5. FALSE ITS NEAREST AT CITY. 6. FALSE ITS NEAREST ON JANUARY 1ST.

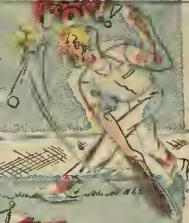
QUIZ.

THIS IS A QUIZ THAT WILL REALLY TEST YOUR BRAINWORK... LET'S GET TO IT! SCORE YOURSELF... 5 CORRECT- EXCELLENT. 4- VERY GOOD. 3- GOOD. 2- FAIR. 1- POOR.

1. CAESAR WAS THE FIRST EMPEROR OF ROME. ☐ True ☐ False

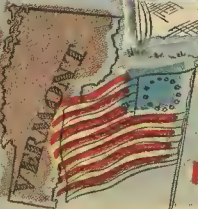


2. THE HEIGHT OF A TENNIS NET AT THE CENTER IS SIX FEET. ☐ True ☐ False



3. THE U.S. SUPREME COURT SUPPLIES ITS OWN CHAIRS. ☐ True ☐ False

4. THE BICYCLE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN INVENTED IN 1816 BY BARON VON DRAIS IN BAVARIA. ☐ True ☐ False



5. VERMONT WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN COLONIES. ☐ True ☐ False

ANSWERS: 1. FALSE. AUGUSTUS WAS THE FIRST. 2. TRUE. 3. TRUE. 4. FALSE. THREE FEET. 5. FALSE.

CAPTAIN GALLANT

JOSEPHINE'S Romance

ROMANCE IS HECTIC
ENOUGH CONFINED TO
HUMANS... BUT WHEN
CAMELS CATCH IT--
WATCH OUT

WHAT'S WRONG,
FUZZY? YOU LOOK
PEEKED!

OH-- CALL THE
DOCTOR! GET THE
CAPTAIN! JOSEPHINE
HASN'T EATEN ANYTHING
FOR DAYS!



BUT FUZZY-- CAMELS
USUALLY DON'T EAT
ANYTHING FOR DAYS!
THAT'S NOT A CATAS-
TROPHY!

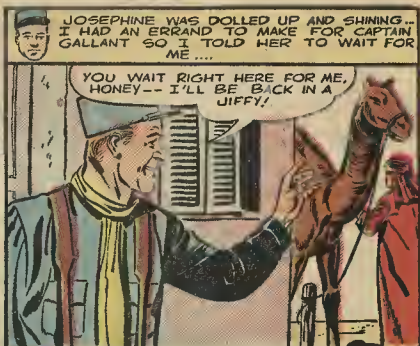
TO JOSEPHINE IT
IS! I CAN'T IMAG-
INE WHAT'S WRONG!

PLEASE, BABY!
EAT!

HMM... THIS CALLS FOR
STRATEGY....



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

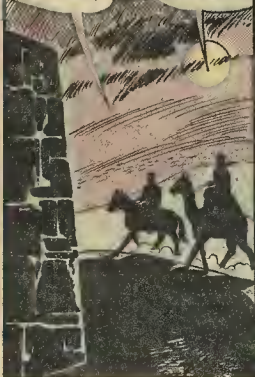
AW--BABY... I WAS ONLY KIDDIN'... DON'T CRY, WE'LL FIND THE CAMELS FOR YOU! EVEN IF WE STIR UP A HORNEST'S NEST!



WITH COMING NIGHT, THE DUO NOW RIDE TO THE STRONGHOLD OF THE SHIEKH.....

IF WE EVER EXPECT TO GET INSIDE WE'D BETTER SNEAK IN! THAT'S OUR BEST WAY!

OOOH-- WHAT WE DON'T DO FOR ROMANCE!



COMING TO THE REAR-GATE, THEY FIND IT UNMANNED, AND...

CAN YOU REACH THE TOP, FUZZY?

I ... THINK SO! YUP!



AND MOMENTS LATER ...

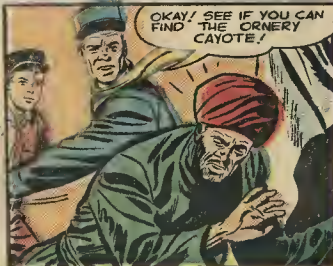
LET'S GO!

SHH! IF WE'RE CAUGHT, IT WILL BE CURTAINS!



SNEAKING TOWARDS THE CAMEL'S ENCLOSURE, FUZZY FOLLOWS THROUGH SWIFTLY....

OKAY! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE ORNERY CAYOTE!

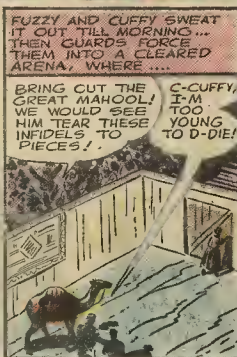


SEE WHAT YOU WANT, HONEY?

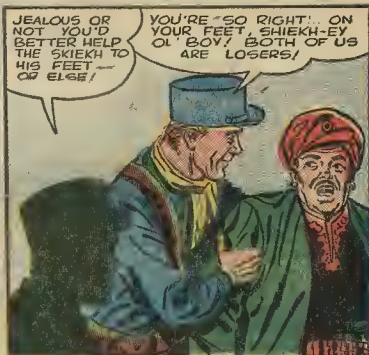
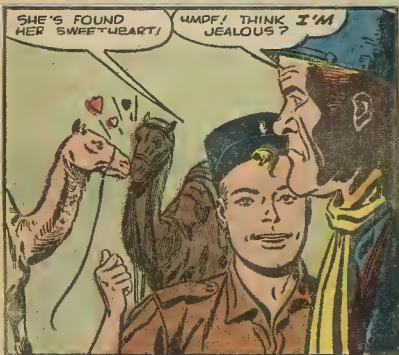
GUESS NOT! SHE'S ACTING DROOPING AGAIN!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



Captain Kid

THE CASE OF THE VIOLIN CASE

HEY, CAPTAIN KIP! YOUR HEAD LOOKS AS IF IT'S ON A SWIVEL! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LOOKING AROUND SO MUCH?



I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE BUKE SCULLY, THE BULLY, ISN'T AROUND? HE'S ALWAYS PLAYING TRICKS ON ME AND I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES---

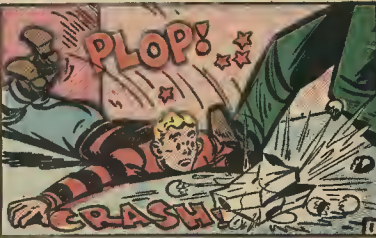


-- AT LEAST NOT WHILE I'M CARRYING THIS DOZEN EGGS.

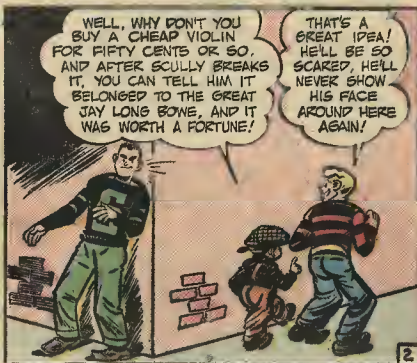
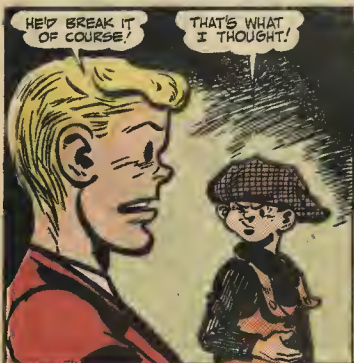
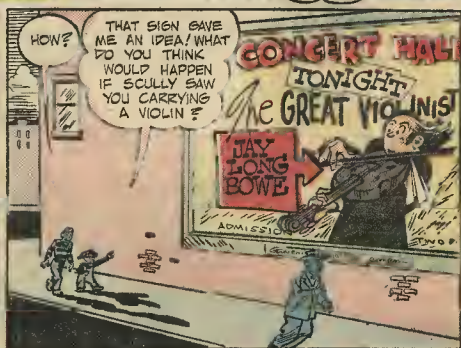


CAPTAIN KIP! WATCH OUT!

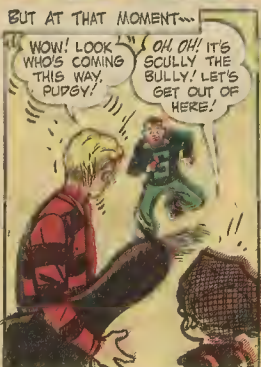
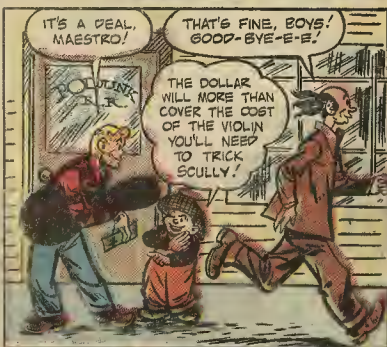
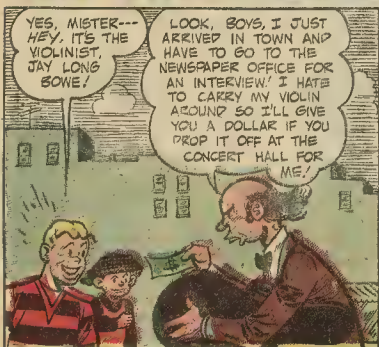
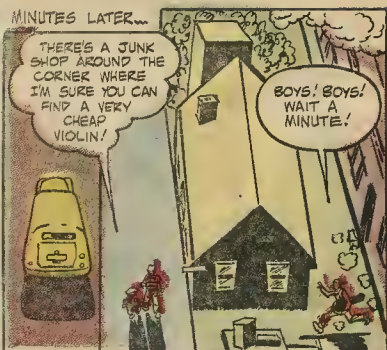
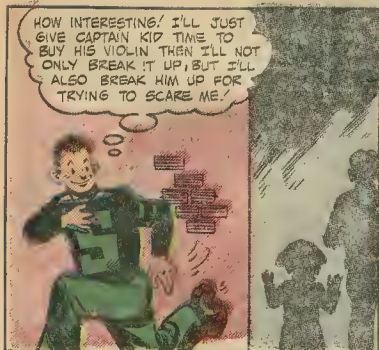
HUH?



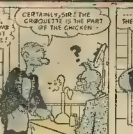
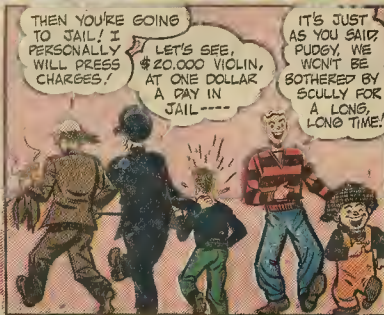
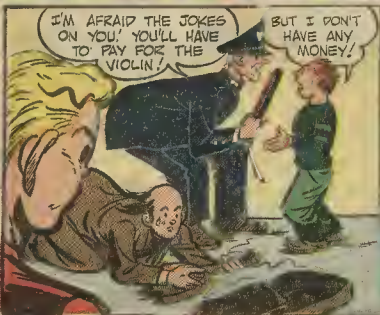
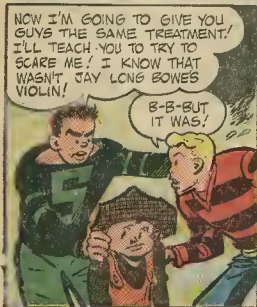
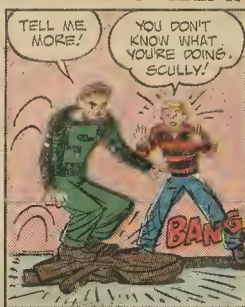
CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



WHAT MAKES THE FOREIGN LEGION WHAT IT IS

THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION IS UNIQUE AMONG THE GREAT MILITARY UNITS ANYWHERE! TRADITIONALLY HARD-BITTEN AND INDEFATIGABLE FIGHTING MEN, THEY COME FROM ALL NATIONS, SPEAKING MULTIPLE TONGUES-- WITH LITTLE IN COMMON, EXCEPT A LOVE OF COMBAT AND ADVENTURE, THE BLEND OF NATIONALITIES MERGE TO BECOME FIERCE FIGHTERS WITH AN ESPRIT DE CORPS UNMATCHED BY ANY FIGHTING FORCE IN THE WORLD! IN WORLD WAR I, AND IN WORLD WAR II, THEY SUFFERED HEAVY LOSSES BUT NEVER RETREATED!



THE PAY IS LOW BUT THE LEGIONNAIRES DON'T JOIN TO BECOME RICH! PRIDE IN THE LEGION CAN'T BE BOUGHT FOR FRANCS OR DOLLARS! THE KEPİ, THE HAT WORN IN THE HOT DESERT SUN MEANS MORE TO THE LEGIONNAIRE THAN A FAT WALLET! THE VETERAN OF A HUNDRED SKIRMISHES HAS ENOUGH REWARD FROM A CAMPAIGN RIBBON OR THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE HAS SERVED WELL!



THE SERGEANT IN THE FOREIGN LEGION HAS MORE AUTHORITY THAN THE AVERAGE OFFICER IN OTHER SERVICES! HIS WORD IS LAW, A FROWN FROM HIM IS ENOUGH TO MAKE A SEASONED CAMPAIGNER TREMBLE! DISCIPLINE IS ABSOLUTE AND A FEW DAYS IN A SUNBAKED CELL ON THE MOROCCAN DESERT WILL COOL OFF ANY HOT-HEADED RECALTRANTS! THE MOTTO OF THE LEGIONNAIRE NCO IS, "ALWAYS STERN. ALWAYS JUST." A GOOD MOTTO FOR ANY ARMY!



Captain



GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion



**HEY, KIDS! WATCH FOR US EVERY
WEEK ON TELEVISION**